

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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WHOLE NO. 745

HISTORY OF ROBERT THE BRAVE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

TOWARDS the end of the eleventh century, the count of L***, the head of one of the most powerful and illustrious houses of Languedoc, deposed that count Roger, his only son, might not degenerate from the glory of his ancestors, but worthily bear their name, caused him to be brought up under his eye with all the attention and solicitude suitable to his high birth. The countess which tended especially to promote strength and address were the principal occupation of the young count; and to excite his emulation, as also from a motive of gratitude, a vassal of the same age, stature, and frame of body, was selected as his companion, to assist him in these exercises.

The history of this vassal, who was named Robert, is so intimately connected with Roger, that, to render it complete, it will be necessary to enter in some details relative to the family of the counts de L***, and the reasons why Robert was chosen to participate in the care employed in forming and instructing the heir of this illustrious house.

The origin of the counts of L*** is lost in the obscurity of remote ages, and confounded with that of the counts of Toulouse.

Immense possessions, a great number of vassals, fiefs of whom were very powerful, the sovereignty of considerable cities, and many other advantages, were the rich inheritance which were one day bequeathed to the person of Roger, and which, added to his high birth, encouraged the hope that he might one day contract an alliance with the daughter of some sovereign.

The count of L*** inhabited the castle which his ancestors had always made their favorite residence. It was situated on an eminence which overlooked an immense plain; a river flowed at its foot, and its strength and grandeur announced the power of its possessor.

The names, devices, and banners of the chiefs of the family adorned the numerous galleries of this ancient edifice; and the trophies which there were accumulated proved that valor had never ceased to be hereditary with the counts of L***.

The situation of the castle, the thickness of its walls, and the strength of its numerous towers, was such that it was considered as impregnable; yet, at the same time that it was rendered thus formidable, and capable of resisting the attacks of an enemy, nothing was neglected which might render it agreeable. Pathways artificially constructed in the towers led to magnificent gardens, which terminated in an extensive and superb forest, surrounded with walls, in which were great numbers of fallow deer.

It was in this delightful residence that the counts of L*** held a kind of court when they were recalled by their sovereigns to attend them to war, and obliged to defend themselves and support their claims against their powerful neighbors.

The count of L***, wishing to give his whole attention to the education of his son, had adjusted all the differences which might divert him from this important care, and in the bosom of his fam-

ily enjoyed a calm and constant happiness, heightened by the society of his amiable consort. All whose sentiments and habits were in conformity to his own.

The countess of L*** was the issue of a younger branch of the family of the counts of Toulouse, and had been brought up at their court. The beautiful Azalais, (such was her name) though born to inherit no very extensive domains, might have aspired to a throne; she was worthy of one from her illustrious birth, her endowments and her beauty.

The count could only obtain the preference over his numerous rivals by deeds which conferred on him true glory; and by the most respectful, tender, and constant attention to the object of his love, a thousand times had he received from the hands of Azalais the prize which his courage, address, and ardent desire of distinguishing himself for her sake, had obtained for him in the tournaments. The habit of crowning him, and seeing him annex so value to the trophies he acquired, but in proportion as he declined to accept the homage he offered her, at length induced her to renounce in his favor the solitude to which he seemed devoted, and a kind of melancholy she appeared unable to overcome.

Many endeavors had been made to explain the secret motive of her inclination to retirement; for Azalais was too lovely not to occupy the attention of all who beheld her. Among various conjectures, it had been principally attributed to the impetuous ride on her memory by a youth who, in the flower of his age, had fallen in a combat in a manner too extraordinary not to have excited general attention.

This youth, whom we may consider as one of the most ancient troubadours, had been brought up in the quality of a page in the palace of the counts of Toulouse. His zeal to serve Azalais had often been remarked. Perhaps he was not inferable to the power of beauty, but the immense distance by which he was separated from her had not permitted hope to arise in his heart. His wit, and several pieces of poetry, of the tender and plaintive kind, similar to those in which love inspired the unfortunate Sappho, had bestowed on him fame; but the sad and silent grief of which he appeared the prey rendered him still more noticed. In vain were all endeavors to dissipate the gloom that hung over him, and still more in vain every attempt to discover his secret, which he never disclosed. Daily wasting like a plant that withers beneath the scorching rays of the sun, he, at length, began to revive when the count of Toulouse undertook a new war against one of his neighbors. He then seemed animated by no passion but the love of glory. After having obtained the command of a body of men, he followed the troops of the count. Scarcely had he arrived in presence of the enemy, when he rushed, like lightning, into the midst of them. He presently fell; and his soldiers, who hastened to his assistance, having repulsed those from whom he received the mortal blow, obtained from this success only the melancholy advantage of being able to carry off his body.

After he was brought lifeless to the camp, it was discovered that he had on only armour of pe-

rade, incapable of defending him over his too feeble carais; they found near his heart two plates of gold, supported by a chain of the same metal. A blow with a lance had separated them, and within appeared an ingeniously wrought device, representing a solitude and a rock, round which a cupid was entwining flowers in such a manner as to form the two letters A and Z. The same cupid held his fillet in his hands, which he spread over the rest of the name, as if to conceal it from all eyes. This emblem and the order with which he had fought death, recalled the recollection of some stanza that he frequently sang, and accompanied with the harp, the subject of which was a resolution eternally to conceal a passion, the object of which was too elevated to permit hope, and to seek relief only in death.

Curiosity soon exerted every means to penetrate a secret covered with the veil of death. The two letters of the cypher regarding the name of Azalais remained the inquiries of the vassals; he had constantly of players to serve that purpose; and it was then no longer doubted that, cherishing a hopeless passion, he had sought death to terminate his sufferings.

These circumstances and conjectures at length reached the ears of Azalais. Her innocent and pure heart had never known love; she shuddered when she learned for the first time that it might produce such calamitous effects, and then began her inclination to retirement and solitude. The future moments which her retreat from society procured her, she employed in cultivating those talents which nature had liberally bestowed upon her.

The remembrance of the bard, the poems, and their songs of victory were still recent in the country of Toulouse, where the druids had formerly established one of their most celebrated colleges.

The bards had long been the only dispensers of glory. The knights, who registered their commemorations of warlike exploits, loaded with rewards and honors those who endeavored to supply their place; and their emulation had produced the *trouvères* or *troubadours*.

The harp of the ancient bards were again revived; they were to be found in almost every castle, and, during the long evenings of winter, the company collected round their fires to listen to fragments of marvellous histories which had been preserved by tradition. If the wind did but slightly agitate the strings of a harp, and produce some harmonious and lengthened tones, the whole audience were inspired with a kind of religious enthusiasm, similar to that which animated the ancient Gauls at hearing the same sounds. Like them they were inclined to believe, that the warriors slain in battle, and the ancestors of families, came to revive their memory in the minds of their kindred and friends, by invisibly touching their harmonious harps.

To this instrument the beautiful Azalais would frequently sing the stanza of the unfortunate youth, whose story we have above related; and while, with agile fingers, she swept the speaking strings, her soul dissolved in genuine sensibility at the remembrance of his fate.

[To be continued.]

FAMILY PRIDE.

St. Joseph Anville, was a provincial writer, not from a very obscure family, or though it flourished of a very large fortune. Nothing appeared to him wanting to complete his happiness upon earth but a wife. To be called my lord, seemed to him the very consummation of felicity—all this was out of his reach; however, he sought the shadow of what he loved, therefore married a woman of noble descent but reduced fortune—and though he could not be made a baronet, purchased the title of a knight. They had a number of children, and might have passed through life happy enough, but the family pride of my lady Anville embittered their days. She mistreated her children to despise their father, who originated from the dirt. Every day did the remind them what poor brats they would be, were it not, that honors and distinctions clustered about them through the high blood of their mother—Whenever they received company she commonly ordered to Joseph into the cock-loft—there to wait until her visitors retired. St. Joseph endured in silence—and humiliating as the submission was, he bowed with reverence to the commands of his noble wife—happy in the hope of great advantage to his descendants, from this illustrious consanguinity.

Zimmerman, in his very excellent treatise on pride, says, every person in Spain (and these I repeat, I suppose) has his geological tables, which generally begin, like those of Welshmen, at Noah's ark. Is any illustrious Hidalgo peasant degrades himself so far as to hold the plough, he sticks a couple of cock's feathers in his hat, and has his cloak and sword clasp behind him; so that if a stranger passes, he quits his labor, throws his cloak over his shoulders, clasps on his Toledo, strikes his muckshoe, and flouts over the field, as a cavalier taking the air! In the mountains of Piedmont, in the country of Nice, says the same author, a travelling gentleman passed the night at a little cottage of a supposed peasant. He soon found his host a reduced nobleman, descended from an old house and retaining all the pride of blood. He regularly gave him his title, and retired on his own in return. It was Charles, have you not fed the pigs; and Charles have you cleaned the stable?

It is an uncommon thing, in America, of late, to see a family scarcely above common laborers, inflated with all the pride of aristocratic government, and tracing with delight their line of descent up to the confounders of royalty. Many boast in this way though they dry half a century back they find themselves high and dry, again a travelling pedlar or a gentleman whose little irregularity had remained intransigent. But Polly is the queen of the world; and we all must or left or for her, for her ribbands, her fins, and her bells, and one of the most ridiculous ribbons in the collection is family pride.

NEW INSTRUMENTS OF WARFARE.

During the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited having fire arms in their possession, some mischievous variety gave information that a Mr. Scanton of Dublin, had three muskets in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded, in the King's name, that the muskets should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanton, who is a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them, adding, that as they were of use without the muskets, there were also at his Majesty's service.

ANECDOTES.

We notice in late *Pennsylvanian* paper, an advertisement of General Skane of Derbyshire, offering his farm to "be let or rented."—"Among other qualifications required of his tenant, he is to produce 'good accommodations for industry, morality and religion.'"—This reminds us of Peter Pindar's notice of a London Alderman, who advertised for a partner—and offered generous wages, to "one who feared God—and could carry five hundred weight!"

Two men lately disputing on the accommodations provided for prisoners, in the different jails of the U. States, found some difficulty in agreeing, which required a reference, when one of them put an end to the dispute by declaring Philadelphia to be the best, as he had tried them all.

POETRY.

All men of stature are eff'd but trustees for the benefit of the distressed, and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account.

We may have men's vices without any ill will to their persons, but we cannot help despising those that have no kind of virtue to recommend them.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

DEATH! thy cold hand the brightest flower has chill'd,
Thou'st e'er left the Love's cheek with soft dimples;
Quench'd the soft radiance of the liveliest eyes;
And scenes, sacred to friendship, love, and joy;
The springing buds of hope and pleasure kill'd;
Joy's cheerful smiles chang'd to doleful sighs;
Of fervent love and faithful mind, the ties
For ever rent asunder. No heaven has with'd!
Though in the bloom of health, the arrow fell!
Sudden as fate; long had prophetic dread
Hung o'er my heart, and all my thoughts depress'd,
Oh when in flow'ry wreaths I saw her dress'd,
A beauteous victim form'd to meet my eyes,
To early fate a victim's sacrifice.

ON SEEING A LADY IN A DECLINE FROM ILL TREATMENT IN A LOVE AFFAIR.

OFF wand'ring in the mossy dale,
I've torn the lily of the vale,
Unconscious of its doom,
To every piercing wind that blows,
To partly dews and chilling fogs,
Exposed to brazen bloom;
Not ere the noon tide time appears,
The icy flower droop'd in tears,
Hangs lowly on the flow'rs;
Like many friendless victims here,
It drops beneath the traile's foot,
The victim of an hour.

The flow'rs, in balmy breathing spring,
When shepherd boys and ploughmen sing,
Adorn again the grove;
But loveless will not return
To Laura, who must ever mourn,
The hour of hope's loss.

Yet when the clay-cold head of death
Coughs thee to thy kindred earth,
Thy aching heart at rest;
The male will oft at evening hours,
Pursue the many brazen flow'rs
With which thy turf is dress'd.

And oft deep shadow'd in the wild,
The sorrow of her favorite child,
In hollow'd accents moans;
Or with some wand'ring foot tread
The lonely pathway of the dead,
To startle her own.

THE TEAR.

SACRED boon of favoring Heaven!
Toll of reason, partly Tear!
In form beauteous moment given,
Soothing anguish most serene,
Melting child of morn's soft glow,
Mildew's dew, and feeling's gem!
Precious pledge of young affection,
First flower of pity's stem!
Reconciliation's sweet vibration,
Healing the dissonant heart!
Friendship's dearest, best libation,
Balm of every anxious breast!
Oh how near ally'd to sorrow
Are your transports most sincere!
Ev'n delight is, forc'd to borrow,
Feelings rich expressive near!
Homid eyes oft folly languish,
What do your full orbs declare?
Dew-drop inform'd of hope and anguish,
Love himself has plac'd thee there!

EPICRAM.

FROM THE PARODY.

LET the loud thunder roll along the Skies,
Cried in my view I'll storm despite;
Indeed, alas Peter, how your lot I blest,
To be so shattered by so thin a die.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies the quintessence of noise and life,
Or in one word—here lies a scolding wife;
Not one Death took her when her mouth was shut,
No dar'd not for his eye have touch'd the Bat.

MATRIMONY.

Founded on any other principle than that of affection, cannot possibly conduce to the happiness or interest of either party; therefore it requires the utmost discretion to ascertain whether we have really that feeling in often avowed under a mask and upon which so essentially depends our future peace and prosperity in life.

A man should likewise consider whether he is competent to maintain his intended wife, in the manner he would wish, and whether she is conformable to his mode of life; for what, probably, he would think luxurious and extravagant, she might think mean and puerile; therefore while these points lack conformity of disposition, there cannot possibly be any real happiness.

True felicity generally consists in an affinity of dispositions; for how can it be imagined, that what gives satisfaction to one, and is treated with disgust by the other, can be acceptable to either? When one is dissatisfied the other cannot be happy. Every prudent and discreet man, will study what will most contribute to their mutual reciprocal. He must be selfish, indeed, who only consults his own convenience, when he has two, at least, to provide for. That man, is not desirous of a companion, who cannot, at proper times, throw aside with what is agreeable to himself, to render that companion happy and comfortable.

As the happiness and misery of the marriage state chiefly depends upon the sociability of the parties; so each should be particularly cautious to examine accurately the temper and inclination of the other; for when the field bond is strengthened by unanimity, all attempts to sever it will be visionary and fruitless.

ANECDOTES.

A number of students happening one evening to meet at an inn, the conversation chanced to turn upon the inequality with which fortune bestows her favors. Each in his turn, giving more recent example of the inequality of fortune; the conversation went on with mutual satisfaction, until one being desirous to show the parity of his principles, and without his impertinence in the fashionable (it is almost said about) mode of pronunciation, observed, that "the most splendid rascals were nothing without VICEGRUES." This for a time put a stop to the conversation. At length another happening to be a little conceited, and being unwilling to be considered stupid, "I ever consider myself the most fortunate when I find most agreeable examples of relieving the unfortunate. In all my adventures nothing so immediately attracted my attention, as a YELLOW-CRACKER peddler under the PARATICAL FLOWERS of MACHUCA. THE STRATAGEM of such whom I notice becomes source of revenue, life, and PROGRESS of progress of progress, ever relieving from a RASCALITY of conduct; and enable me to be DEFENSE to the houses of MACHUCA—of the frowns, cables and to bear up with MACHUCA. At length the many CACEMITIES may tell the man's come, you MACHUCA benevolence PARCELS INSTRUCTIVE, which every good man is anxious to observe; and which will have a tendency to MACHUCA latest form of VICEGRUES, which I believe are placed in every human chest. Of what service is the most refined LITERATURE to a man if he cannot be benevolent, nor reach him to be VICEGRUES? Were it, he is able to tell the LATEVITIES and LATEVITIES even of the north-pole! What if he can account for the phenomena of MACHUCA? What if he know the scriptures of and understand all the mysteries of the Jewish MACHUCA? I say, of what service is all of this to a man, while his heart is hard to the poor? Who CHURNS his back upon distress; and whose most pleasing MACHUCA is the spirit of the distressed widow and the cries of the helpless orphan? Yes, I repeat it, he CHURNS his back on distress! CHURNS a man deliver the families of RASCALS? CHURNS a man, RASCALS, MACHUCA, or CHURNS dwell with that man who is a stranger to MACHUCA?" "Faint," says one, who had been standing upon the white, "my brother has spoken an excellent one, but he has CHURNED it unmercifully."

[Albany PP.]

LIGHT ARTICLES.

In a late Providence paper, a blacksmith advertises a vice which has been stolen from him. His most vicious thief that can steal vices.

The word IMPARTIAL will admit of being applied in a variety of cases; but one of the most curious applications of it occurs in a Connecticut paper, in which a man advertises an "IMPARTIAL account of a ball room."

JAMES MURPHY, Esq. we are informed, has engaged his passage for Havre de Grace in the ship Warren, which is expected to sail from this port to-morrow.

NEW BANK.

The project of another Bank is on foot, to consist of a capital of four millions of dollars, in shares of fifty dollars each. Subscriptions are filling, we understand, with great avidity; and a petition for an act of incorporation will be presented to the Legislature, not in fiction.

NEW COFFEE-HOUSE.

The design of a new Coffee-house, to be erected in the vicinity of Peck-Gap, is in agitation, for the accommodation of the mercantile community in the eastern quarter of this city.

On Thursday afternoon last week, about 3 o'clock, a girl, apparently not more than 15 years of age, was observed coming out of the house of Mr. James Tripp, No. 141 Pearl Street, with a bundle under her arm. Being interrogated by one of the family as to her business there, she declared for a captain Smith, to whom she said the husband brought home some linen from the washerwoman; and being assured that no such person lived there or in the neighborhood, she went away, her youth and artifice however preventing any suspicion of her real character. Some afterwards, some of the family having occasion to go to this discovery, that two martin muffs and tippet, two lead colored muslin gowns, one white muslin dress, black calico do, two white dimity petticoats, one pair black Morocco slippers, one pair lead colored cotton gloves, one white muslin handkerchief, and one checked cotton do, were missing. It is supposed that the door of the house being left ajar, the girl had seized the opportunity of slipping up stairs unperceived, and effected the robbery. Cases of this nature are becoming very general amongst us; it behoves our citizens to be more than usually cautious and vigilant.

(Mer. Adv.)

The bar and counting room of Messrs. Woolsey and Knight, merchants, in this city, were broken open on Monday night, and a red Morocco pocket-book taken therefrom, which contained a bill of exchange for \$3000, dating on the 19th ult. for 1775, 1776, one for 3600, one for 500, one for 250, one for 125, one for 62 1/2, one for 31 1/4, one for 15 1/2, one for 7 1/2, one for 3 1/4, one for 1 1/2, one for 3/4, one for 1/2, one for 1/4, one for 1/8, one for 1/16, one for 1/32, one for 1/64, one for 1/128, one for 1/256, one for 1/512, one for 1/1024, one for 1/2048, one for 1/4096, one for 1/8192, one for 1/16384, one for 1/32768, one for 1/65536, one for 1/131072, one for 1/262144, one for 1/524288, one for 1/1048576, one for 1/2097152, one for 1/4194304, one for 1/8388608, one for 1/16777216, one for 1/33554432, one for 1/67108864, one for 1/134217728, one for 1/268435456, one for 1/536870912, one for 1/1073741824, one for 1/2147483648, one for 1/4294967296, one for 1/8589934592, one for 1/17179869184, one for 1/34359738368, 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COURT OF APOLLO

ON THE DEATH OF A BLACKSMITH.
 WITH the nerves of a Sampson this son of a flogge,
 By the devil his forehead got;
 With the flail of old Valour could temper an edge;
 And struck while his iron was red-hot.
 By peace he belied, yet he never was tried,
 Or cosider'd by the laws of the land;
 But still it is certain, and can't be denied,
 He often was **murdered in his hand**.
 With the loss of his Crispin no kindred he claimed,
 With the last he had nothing to do;
 He handled no awl, and yet in his time
 Made many an excellent axon.
 He blew up no coals of fediton, but still
 His bellows was always in blast;
 And I will acknowledge (deny it who will)
 That one vice, and but one he possit.
 No after was he, or concern'd with the fage,
 No suidance to see him appear'd;
 Yet oft in the shop (like a crowd in a rage)
 The voice of a murther was heard.
 The stralling of rats was part of his curse,
 In thieving he never was found;
 And 'twas he who constantly **KNATING ON BARS**,
 No wail he e'er ran aground.

ALLAD.

AH! why is thy countenance sad, gentle fair?
 And why set the dew from thine eye?
 Hast thou wander'd all night thus exposed to the air?
 Breathe thou contentedly fair?
 Ah! why frowls thy bosom with fight, gentle fair?
 And why do thy head on thy breast?
 Art thou doom'd the harsh frowns of misfortune to bear,
 And hast thou no home where to rest?
 Come tell me the cause of thy grief, gentle fair!
 Come tell me the cause of thy grief!
 I'll pity thy sorrows, I'll lighten thy care;
 Art thou poor? I will give thee relief.
 Yes, often I wander all night, friendly soul,
 And low are my moments of rest.
 But I feel not the chill winds that through the trees howl
 Nor the cold dews that o'erspread my breast.
 Some shade for more dreary than night, friendly soul,
 Has hid every joy from my view.
 And a ball that's more piercing than winds round the pole
 Has child's own poor heart through and through.
 More distant, kind soul, than both poverty's known
 More cold than the wintry sharp frost!
 The before I once thought most friendly is grown,
 The heart I most value is lost.
 There sit on, kind heart, why the silent tears roll,
 Nor why frowls my bosom with grief?
 The friend whole wakidness has fructus my soul,
 Alone can afford it relief.

ANECDOTE.

THE configuration of Mr. Bowman's Museum in Bolton, is said to have been occasioned by the candle, held by Otello, in the wax work representation of the fish scene, in the left off of this torchburg tragedy of Shakespear. The keeper of the museum, it is said, followed the candle, in his absence, to burn down to the socket, and the flame was communicated to the curtain of the bed, in which Desdemona is sleeping. On hearing of this circumstance, a gentleman remarked, that it was extremely unfortunate the Moor had forgotten the following passage in his folio before the murder of Desdemona—"Put out the light and then the world would have been well!" [Lg.]

TO THE LADIES.

A young gentleman, of a respectable family in Scotland, and whose appearance, manners, and education, are by no means mediocre, but who chiefly prizes himself in a never-failing desire to render his friends happy, withers, however, to engage himself for life with a **YOUNG LADY**. He thinks it but just to state, that, though not destitute of the measure of general good-sufferance, he will lack to her for a counterpoise to future. None but ladies of the most unblemished reputation need apply; and they may depend that he will never betray a trust reposed in him. To prevent the influx of puppies, he will carry a cane and pistol. Letters, post paid, addressed to J. F. to be left till called for at the London coffee-house, Ludgate Hill, will be duly attended to. [London pap.]

MORALIST.

It is very melancholy, and not much to the honour of comfort of human nature, to observe, that although mankind grow more enlightened and ingenious every age, each generation improving on the last; still among the various arts and inventions that are daily discovered, there is nothing found out to preferve and lengthen the life of man; but many methods of shortening it—many improvements in luxury and dissipation, but none in sobriety and temperance—many refinements in every species of vice, but none in virtue—many inventions for rendering artificial instruments and machines durable for ages, but none for to lengthen the existence of man, the architect of all natural machines—many devices for preserving the works of man from decay; but none to preserve the works of the most valuable means of defrauding time of his just due, in monuments, palaces, paintings, &c. but none for saving the robust of all God's works on earth from decay and corrupcion. Though there are numberless remedies discovered by experience for the various casualties and disorders to which the human frame is exposed, yet disease and death are continually gaining ground, man's life is constantly decreasing, and the older the earth grows the shorter time man has to live on it. Surely we ought to take a great lesson from this, considering the longer we have lived, the nearer we are to our end; and the less time we have to live, the more diligent we ought to be in improving it. And since our journey from this world is fixed and inevitable, let us hold ourselves to commence it in a moment's warning, that we take our departure for our eternal home with a cheerful heart and limiting countenance.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

When dressing your faces with the advantages of drags, examine one of the great ornaments of the person, that is much exposed and admired.

A CLEAN FULL SET OF TEETH.

Which may be acquired by applying to J. GREENWOOD, Approved Dentist, directly opposite the fourth end of the park, No. 23, fourth avenue from the theatre who with firmness of gratitude acknowledges the patronage he has hitherto been honoured with in the line of his profession, during fifteen years successful practice in this city.

He makes and fixes fresh in many different ways, four of which are done without drawing the old stumps, or causing the least pain; they help mastication, give a youthful air to the countenance, and are indispensable to render one's pronunciation more agreeable and distinct. J. Greenwood likewise prevents the Teeth from rotting, cleanses and restores them to their original whiteness. Those persons who wish to have information concerning their Teeth and Gums, will be informed with pleasure by J. Greenwood, gratis, who is ready to be depended on.

N.B. His prices are very moderate, that every person who applies for assistance may be benefited. Jan 25. am

SARAH TREKETT,

No. 340 FARR-STRKET.

Respectfully returns her thanks to her friends and the public in general, for past favours, and hopes for a continuance of the same. She has for sale engraved Piano Fortes, elegant pianos, Beethoven's Op. 49, Guitars, and a large assortment of Violins, Fiddles, Clarinets, Flutes, Bassoons, Horns, Trumpets, &c. &c. a large assortment of fashionable fongs, preceptors of all sorts; a plain and concise introduction to plimodly calculated for singing schools; and the best Roman Violin Strings. Jan 16.

NEW ROMAN LIBRARY,

No. 79, Beekman Street.

M. NASH respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has made considerable additions to his Library, and solicits a continuation of favours. Some of the most valuable works received in addition, and which only can be enumerated, are the following, viz. British Zoology, 4 vols. Ladies Magazine, 3 do. Longman's lives of Plutarch, 6 do.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

Per Year 3 dollars and 50 cents; 6 Months 2 dollars; per Quarter a dollar and 50 cents; per Month 60 cents.

Also a number of Stationary Articles for sale. Customers are requested to call only in the evening. January 8, 1803 am.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

The Beggar Boy.

A NOVEL.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Camomel, &c. Those who through inactivity make too free use of these artificial brighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It is additionally, and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, eruptions, and prickly heat. A continued use of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use with safety with ease and delicacy, or that a gentleman can have recourse to when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of excessive coarseness of the face. Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, Surgeon, New York, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medical Store, No. 129 Broadway, and at Mr. John Church's Jewellery Store, No. 126 do. Also at Mr. J. Hopton's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price—pints a dollar 25 cents—half pints 15 cts.

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION,

Is an essential cure for ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN, Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Top Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Face, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, Scabious and various Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and administered by him for several years in Europe and America with the most unparalleled success. By the happy application of this fluid night and morning, or occasionally twice a day, it will remove the most obstinate and chronic freckles in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their detrimental and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in view of the common trade, CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven face is thus giving appearance, and pit-lace and prickly pannels, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. Suffer in how many ways.

I have been communicated to many thousands without even a single complaint of its inefficacy.

A small bottle, at 75 cents, will be found sufficient to prove its value.—Price, half pint, 75 cents.—Pam, on Dottle 25 cents. Nov. 29.

THE Lottery commences drawing in February.

MINIATURE PAINTING

P. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he continues to paint Miniatures in Miniature on modern crime. From the last year and the last improvement he has made in the art, he will engage the Likeness to be the most correct and satisfactory. Specimens of his late Painting to be seen at No. 25 William-Street, N. B. All kinds of Drawings elegantly executed, with enamel hair. Also, Landscapes and Miniature Portraits painted on Silk for Ladies Needle Work. January 8, 1803.

GEORGE YOUNG,

PLUMBER AND PAPER-HANGER, No. 25 Water-Street, between Peck and New-Slip, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extremely; and that any orders with which he may be favoured will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured equal to any imported. Also Wares for Kitchens, Candle Moulds, and a great assortment of Pewter Articles.—An Apprentice wanted to the above business. Oct. 16. 29 17

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip. **BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds, ALMANACS, &c.**

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